The Weekly Expositor.

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YALE, : : MICH

THE farming capacity of the United States is not one-half developed. That is by the standard of fertilization and cultivation of England and Belgium this country could double its wheat crop without adding a single acre to its wheat area.

THE common verdict of coroner's juries, "death from heart failure," is the simplest possible way of acknowledging ignorance. It is a verdict that may safely be given in any death, for all are due to stoppage of the heart. The old formula, "death from causes unknown to the jury," is more honest, and has a definite meaning. It is therefore to be preferred.

THE productive capabilities of every acre of wheat and corn under cultivation at present could doubtless be considerably increased by better farming, more thorough and painstaking farming, by farming more scientifically, and by an abandonment of certain slip-shod methods which Western farmers, because of the ease with which land may be cultivated and the prolific character of the yield, very naturally fall into.

THE law of harmony between work and rest, when fully obeyed, not only maintains strength but develops it. All intelligent people know that fact, but many fail to think of it in such a way as to be governed by it. To exercise the muscles of the arms until they are tired and then thoroughly rest them, and again to exercise them and rest, makes them grow stronger and bigger. So with the brain—it becomes stronger under well-regulated exercise and rest.

POVERTY means different things to different people. With some it means going hungry, and without proper clothing or fire; with others it means seeing grand operas from the back rows of the first balcony, rather than from the orchestra, or from the orchestra rather than in a box, and being conveyed thereto by street cars rather than by private carriage; and by employing a modiste in their own city rather than to order costumes from Worth. Ideas differ.

OVER the triple doorways of an Italian cathedral there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath the legend, "All that ceases is but for a moment." Over the other is sculptured a cross, and there are the words, "All that troubles is but for a moment." But underneath the great central entrance in the main aisle is the inscription, "That only is important which is eternal."

THE proper education of children is admittedly one of great concern. The state has provided public schools. The church authorities, zealous for the formation of the young mind in the direction of church dogma, have, with the very best intentions, provided parochial schools. Every parent who has natural ambition is desirous that his children shall be properly educated, and few there are who do not wish that the child should enjoy advantages that were not possible for themselves.

ENGLAND is not in any special need of more anarchists. Although the Anglo-Saxon characteristic is to offer refuge on its soil to all political exiles, the one class which Anglo-Saxon freedom does not ravenously hanker after is that composed of the explosive gentry who are prone to the blowing up of their own domiciles. It is getting to be too much of a hardship for Anglo-Saxon traditions to be taxed for the harboring of political incendiaries with a penchant for plotting even against the laws which protect them; and since England already has all the dynamiters she wants she may be very near reaching the point where she will pass them on to the United States.

IS THE art of oratory declining in our country? It seems to be apparent to us that, whether it is or not, examples of eminence in oratory are much less frequent than they used to be. Is there one great orator now in congress? We should not know where to point to him in either house. Of eminent pulpit orators, how many have we? And at the bar, what lawyer stands out to attract the public by his eloquence, either in his profession or out of it? We have able and effective advocates and clever and interesting speakers. Some of them have reputations for saying bright and witty things. In the specialty of dinner table speaking we come nearer to holding our own. This is an art which is more cultivated at present than ever before, perhaps. But it does not attain to the highest flights of eloquence, nor does it apparently aim to reach that point.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

TALMAGE ON THE ART OF FORGETTING.

To Remember Is Well, but the Power to Forget Is the Greatest Gift to the Human Race—"Their Sins and Their Iniquities Will I Remember No More."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 5, 1892.—The enormous audience which thronged the Tabernacle this morning had fresh evidence of Dr. Talmage's originality. The value of a retentive memory every one knew by experience and had heard extolled from their schooldays up, but they learned from Dr. Talmage's sermon that the art of forgetting is worth cultivating, and that there is the highest possible example for its exercise. His text was Heb. 8:12: "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

The national flower of the Egyptians is the heliotrope, of the Assyrians is the water lily, of the Hindoos is the marigold, of the Chinese is the chrysanthemum. We have no national flower, but there is hardly any flower more suggestive to many of us than the "forget-me-not." We all like to be remembered, and one of our misfortunes is that there are so many things we cannot remember. Mnemomics, or the art of assisting memory, is an important art. It was first suggested by Simonides of Cos five hundred years before Christ. Persons who had but little power to recall events, or put facts and names and dates in proper processions have, through this art, had their memory reinforced to an almost incredible extent. A good memory is an invaluable possession. By all means, cultivate it. I had an aged friend, who detained all night at a miserable depot in waiting for a railtrain fast in the snow banks, entertained a group of some ten or fifteen clergymen, likewise detained on their way home from a meeting of Presbytery, by, first, with a piece of chalk, drawing out on the black and scooty walls of the depot, the characters of Walter Scott's "Marmion," and then reciting from memory the whole of that poem of some eighty pages in fine print. My old friend through great age lost his memory, and when I asked him if the story of the railroad depot was true, he said: "I do not remember now, but it was just like me." "Let me see," said he to me, "have I ever seen you before?" "Yes," I said, "you were my guest last night and I was with you an hour ago." What an awful contrast in that man between the greatest memory I ever knew and no memory at all.

But right along with this art of recollection, which I cannot too highly eulogize, is one quite as important and yet I never heard it applauded. I mean the art of forgetting. There is a splendid faculty in that direction that we all need to cultivate. We might, through that process, be ten times happier and more useful than we now are. We have been told that forgetfulness is a weakness and ought to be avoided by all possible means. So far from a weakness, my text ascribes it to God. It is the very top of Omnipotence that God is able to obliterate a part of his own memory. If we repent of sin and rightly seek the divine forgiveness, the record of the misbehavior is not only crossed off the books, but God actually lets it pass out of memory. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." To remember no more is to forget, and you cannot make anything else out of it. God's power of forgetting is so great that if two men appeal to him, and the one man, after a life all right, gets the sins of his heart pardoned, and the other man, after a life of abomination, gets pardoned, God remembers no more against one than against the other. The entire past of both the moralist, with his imperfections, and the profligate, with his debaucheries, is as much obliterated in the one case as in the other. Forgotten, forever and forever. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Many years ago a family, consisting of the husband and wife and little girl of two years, lived far out in a cabin on a Western prairie. The husband took a few cattle to market. Before he started his little child asked him to buy for her a doll, and he promised. He could, after the sale of the cattle, purchase household necessities, and certainly would not forget the doll he had promised. In the village to which he went he sold the cattle and obtained the groceries for his household and the doll for his little darling. He started home along the dismal road at night-fall. As he went along on horseback, a thunderstorm broke, and in the most lonely part of the road and in the heaviest part of the storm, he heard a child cry. Robbers had been known to do some bad work along that road, and it was known that this herdsman had money with him, the price of the cattle sold. The herdsman first thought it was a strategem to have him halt and be despoiled of his treasures, but the child's cry became more keen and rending, and so he dismounted and felt around in the darkness and all in vain, until he thought of a hollow that he remembered near the road where the child might be, and for that he started, and, sure enough, found a little one fagged out and drenched of the storm and almost dead. He wrapped it up as well as he could and mounted his horse and resumed his journey home. Coming in sight of his cabin, he saw it all lighted up, and supposed his wife had kindled all these lights so as to guide her husband through the darkness. But, no. The house was full of excitement and the neighbors were gathered and stood around the wife of the house, who was insensible as from some great calamity. On inquiry the returned husband found that the little child of that cabin was gone. She had wandered out to meet her father and get the present he had promised, and the child was lost. Then the father unrolled from the blanket the child he had found in the fields, and, lo! it was his own child, and the lost one of the prairie home, and the cabin quaked with the shout over the lost one found. How suggestive of the fact that once we were lost in the open fields, or among the mountain crags, God's wandering children, and he found us, dying in the tempest, and wrapped us in the mantle of his love and fetched us home, gladness and congratulation bidding us welcome. The fact is that the world does not know God, or they would all flock to him. Through their own blindness, or the fault of some rough preaching that has got abroad in the centuries, many men and women have an idea that God is a tyrant, and oppressor, an autocrat, a Nana Sahib, an Omnipotent Herod Antipat. It is a libel against the Almighty; it is a slander against the heavens; it is a defamation of the infinities. I counted in my bible 304 times the word "mercy," single or compounded with other words. I counted in my bible 473 times the word "love," single or compounded with other words. Then, I got tired counting. Perhaps you might count more, being better at figures. But the Hebrew and the Greek and the English languages have been taxed till they cannot pay any more tribute to the love and mercy and kindness and grace and charity and tenderness and friendship and benevolence and sympathy and bounteousness and fatherliness and motherliness and patience and pardon of our God. There are certain names so magnetic that their pronunciation thrills all who hear it. Such is the name of the Italian soldier and liberator, Garibaldi. Marching with his troops, he met a shepherd who was in great distress because he had lost a lamb. Garibaldi said to his troops: "Let us help this poor shepherd find his lamb." And so, with lanterns and torches, they explored the mountains, but did not find the lamb, and after an unsuccessful search late at night they went to their encampment. The next morning Garibaldi was found asleep far on into the day, and they wakened him for some purpose and found that he had not given up the search when the soldiers did, but had kept on still further into the night and had found it, and he pulled down the blankets from his couch and there lay the lamb, which Garibaldi ordered immediately taken to its owner. So the commander of the hosts of heaven turned aside from his glorious and victorious march through the centuries of heaven, and said: "I will go and recover that lost world, and that race of whom Adam was the progenitor, and let all who will accompany me." And through the night they came, but I do not see that the angelic escort came any further than the clouds, but their most illustrious leader came all the way down, and by the time his errand is done our little world, our wandering and lost world, our world fleecy with the light, will be found in the bosom of the Great Shepherd, and, then, all heaven will take up the cantata and sing, "The lost sheep found." So I set open the wide gate of my text, inviting you all to come into the mercy and pardon of God; yea, still further, into the ruins of the place where once was kept the knowledge of your iniquities. The place has been torn down and the records destroyed, and you will find the ruins more dilapidated and broken and prostrate than the ruins of Melrose or Kenilworth, for from these last ruins you can pick up some fragment of a sculptured stone or you can see the curve of some broken arch, but after your repentance and your forgiveness, you cannot find in all the memory of God a fragment of all your pardoned sins so large as a needle's point. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." And none of that will surprise you if you will climb to the top of a bluff back of Jerusalem (it took us only five or ten minutes to climb it), and see what went on when the plateau of limestone was shaken by a paroxysm that set the rocks, which had been upright aslant, and on the trembling crospieces of the split lumber hung the quivering form of him whose life was thrust out by metallic points of cruelty that sickened the noonday sun till it fainted and fell back on the black lounge of the Judean midnight.

Six different kinds of sounds were heard on that night which was interjected into the daylight of Christ's assassination; the neighing of the war horses, for some of the soldiers were in the saddle, was one sound: the bang of the hammers was a second sound; the jeer of malignants was a third sound: the weeping of friends and coadjutors was a fourth sound: the plash of blood on the rocks was a fifth sound: the groan of the expiring Lord was a sixth sound. And they all commingled into one sadness. Over a place in Russia where wolves were pursuing a load of travelers, and to save them a servant sprang from the sled into the mouths of the wild beasts, and was devoured, and thereby the other lives were saved, are inscribed the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Many a surgeon in our own time has in tracheotomy with his own lips drawn from the windpipe of a diphtheritic patient that which cured the patient and slew the surgeon, and all have honored the self-sacrifice. But all other scenes of sacrifice pale before the illustrious martyr of all time and all eternity. After that agonizing spectacle in behalf of our fallen race nothing about the sin-forgetting God is too stupendous for my faith, and I accept the promise, and will you not all accept it? "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Never was lace more popular than it is this season. Flanders lace, point de Venice, Chantilly, point d'Alencon and Oriental laces are used unsparingly on all sorts of dresses.

AN OLD PAPER MILL.

IT OVERLOOKS OLD HEMPSTEAD HARBOR

And Was Once Visited by The Father of Our Country—A Few Notes From the Diary of George Washington—Picture of the Mill.

George Washington's visit to Long Island in the spring of 1790 appears to be a matter of special interest to the paper making industry. Herewith is given a sketch of Hendrick Onderdonk's Paper Mill, where Washington, with his own hands, made a sheet of paper, which was, for a long time, retained by Onderdonk and his descendants, and may be in existence to this day.

Washington's journey was from Brooklyn, as far East as Brookhaven, along the south side of Long Island, thence across the Setauket, returning Westward by way of the many villages along the north shore. In his diary he makes the entry, on April 24:

"Past Mosquito Grove, and breakfasted at a Mr. Onderdank's at the head of a little bay; were kindly received and well entertained. This gentleman works a grist mill and two paper mills. The two last he seems to work with a spirit and profit."

The bay mentioned is Hempstead Harbor. The house at which he was entertained is still preserved as an interesting feature of what is now the village of Roslyn. It is at the head of the bay of Harbor river, and in the midst of the most picturesque and beautiful scenery at Long Island.

Only a small hamlet was there when Washington visited the place. The natural scenery has undergone little changes since then. From the lawn of the old mansion, Washington may have overlooked the bay, known then, as now, as Hempstead Harbor, extending six miles northward to Long Island Sound.

In a southeasterly direction, in the near distance, is Hempstead Harbor hill, 384 feet high, the highest point of land on the island. Mill ponds, supplied by abundant springs, at the foot of the wood bluffs, which rise on either side of the bay in all their picturesque beauty, then, as they do today. The old mansion honored by the presence of Washington still stands in excellent repair. It is owned and occupied by Dr. J. H. Bogart, who, writing recently of this bit of Washingtonia, said:

THE WASHINGTON MILL.

"The main portion of the present paper mill was built about one hundred years ago, but the west wing was built previously. The whole building, as it now stands, shows the effects of weather and age. The other mill was older. It was probably the one in which Washington made the sheet of paper. That it was running as a paper mill at least seventeen years before the visit of Washington is made probable by the following advertisement in a New York paper, Oct. 11, 1773. It is as follows:

"'The printer of this paper, in conjunction with two of his friends, Henry Remsen and Hendrick Onderdonk, have lately erected a paper mill at Hempstead Harbor, at very great expense, the existence of which entirely depends on a supply of rags, which are too often thrown in the fire or swept out of doors and are now much wanted.

"He, therefore, most humbly entreats the assistance of the good people of this province, and city in particular, to assist him in this undertaking, which will be a saving of some hundreds per annum to the colony, which has constantly been sent out of it for paper of all sorts for the past forty years, the manufacturing of which has but very lately originated here. The highest price will be given for rags by the public's servant, Hugh Graine.'"

HOW DAUDET WORKS.

He Copies Each Character in His Novels from Life.

The new volume of Edward De Goncourt's "Journal" is full of Daudet and of Daudet's family. Those who admire Daudet's novels will find much in it that will interest them.

"I am entirely subjective," says Daudet one day. "I can invent nothing. I have already put all my family in my books. I cannot go any more to the South."

It is quite true that Daudet is not a creator, he takes all his types from life; he has used in his books Gambetta, Morny and a number of others; everybody knows in Paris who the Nabob was, and can put the names on all the characters of his novels.

Experiments on Tobacco.

Dr. V. Tassinari of the hygiene department connected with the University of Rome has been making numerous experiments to prove that the use of tobacco carries with it an immunity from many of the contagious diseases. He maintains that the smoke of tobacco either entirely destroys, or in any case retards, the development of the bacillus of cholera, of anthrax and of pneumonia.

SLANDERING COLUMBUS.

It Don't Appear to Please the American People.

The violent onslaught made by Mr. Justin Winsor, the learned librarian of Harvard, upon the fair fame of Mr. Christopher Columbus, discoverer, is meeting with disfavor. Since then the saying attributed by Alexander Dumas to M. d'Artagnan, that angry foes make steadfast friends for the subject of their attacks, has been justified. Defenders by the dozen have arisen to champion the cause of Columbus, and to demonstrate that Mr. Winsor has been guilty of almost as serious a mistake as he would have committed in ascending a pulpit and declaring the government of one of our great cities to be conducted by dishonest, untrustworthy men.

Even had Columbus no personal friends among the living—and what great man of the past has not?—it is

JUSTIN WINDSOR.

only natural that he should find many to espouse his cause. We Americans find so many good reasons for believing ourselves to be a great nation that we are ready to accord a share of our greatness to whosoever had part in the building of America. And it is obvious that we should not be what we are to-day had not Columbus, or some one else, found and settled our continent.

"LED HIM ASTRAY."

Bachelor Rhinehardt Wants Freedom From an Unwelcome Wife.

W. W. Rhinehardt, a rich and most respected citizen of Wichita, Kan., who was supposed to be a bachelor, surprised the community the other day by filing a petition for divorce from Della Rhinehardt, whom he characterizes as a common adventuress, whose maiden name was Cooper, and who met him some ten years ago at Pawnee, that State.

The petition avers that Della and her friend made the plaintiff drunk one night with whisky, and that while he was mentally imbecile and physically prostrated they carried him before a magistrate, and, without his knowledge, married him to the fair Della. Rhinehardt further alleges that on regaining his right mind and discovering what had occurred, he left his wife and has never seen her since. He doesn't know where she is now, nor whether she is alive, but having other matrimonial aspirations he wanted to be fully free from her.

HE DID NOT SIT DOWN.

Meissonier Was Too Small to Sit in the King's Chair.

A prominent Parisian painter was recently talking of Meissonier and an audience that he had with the King of Belgians. Meissonier showed deep emotion at finding himself in the presence of a sovereign, and on playing the part thought fit to let fall his hat and his cane.

The King took him quite aback by saying to the two artists, "Gentlemen, pray be seated." The other painter did so. When Meissonier had recovered from his astonishment, he was going to sit also, but seeing that the chair was more suited to one of the King's tall statute than to one of his own dwarfish size, he laid his hand on his heart, and in an emotional voice exclaimed:

"Sire, I am a religious Royalist, and your Majesty will, I hope, let me observe my cult by standing in your presence."

Leopold replied. "All I ask is for you to make yourself at home. If you prefer standing, I do not object."

After they had conversed, the King dismissed the painters, saying that he really could not keep M. Meissonier standing longer. The irascible little man went away in high dudgeon. He never forgave the other painter for witnessing the scene, he not having entirely concealed his feelings about it.

THE PATERNITY VENDER.

A Curious Parisian Profession Not Needed in America.

For a curious profession, and one little known, commend us to the Parisian Vender of Paternity. He appears to be an individual who takes upon himself the risk of severe punishment if detected in the carrying out of his business, which is to stand in lieu of the father to young men who wish to marry, and cannot get the sanction of their parents.

The Vender of Paternity here steps in, and goes through all the formalities at the mayor's office. No such thing would be necessary in America, but in France to marry at the age of 40, without consent of parents, if they are still living, is considered disgraceful.

Cleaning House Fronts.

The sand blast is being used quite extensively in England for cleaning the exterior of buildings. The front is covered with staging and the blast is applied by a system of pipes and nozzles carried by the workmen. The stream of fine sand will remove any desired thickness from the surface of the stone and the work can be done with great rapidity.

OFFERINGS TO OCEAN.

HUMAN SACRIFICES TO APPEASE THE GODS.

Casting Lots to See Who Was the Jonah of the Ship—The Siamese Offerings Set Afloat on Tiny Bamboo Rafts.

"Then the mariners were afraid, and they said, 'Let us cast lots, that we may know on whose account this storm has come.' So they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah. They took up Jonah and cast him forth into the sea, and the sea ceased from raging."

This, as described in the scriptures, was rough on Jonah, but it was a very common thing in his day to make human sacrifices for the purpose of appeasing the elements. The Chinese used to make a practice of flinging men overboard during storms, and as late as the year 1750 a number of persons were publicly killed in one province in order to prevent the tide from rising higher and overflowing certain dikes.

Many African tribes formerly sacrificed human lives to the sea, according to the Washington Star, and it was the custom not very long ago in Dahomey for a man to be chosen by the king on the occasion of a periodical festival as an offering to the ocean divinity Hu. He was carried to the shore in a hammock, attired in the costume and having the stool and umbrella of a minister of state and was thrown to the sharks. Fijians and Samoans of old sacrificed living people to their shark deities.

Human beings gayly dressed for the ceremony, were sacrificed by the ancient Mexicans to the spirit of a mountain torrent. Boats were taken to a whirlpool in Lake Mexico, filled with children, and there sunk—a horrid propitiation to the gods supposed to dwell in the subaqueous caverns. The navigators of antiquity, to whose imaginative ignorance the ocean seemed peopled and beset with chimeras, dire and supernatural agencies of all sorts, used often to sacrifice human lives to the mysterious water gods. It is recorded by tradition that Idomeneus, king of Crete, vowed to sacrifice to Neptune the first living thing he met after escaping from a storm, and this happening to be his son, he fulfilled the vow religiously. Medea nearly became a sacrifice during the return voyage of the Argonauts. Mussulman chroniclers tell that at certain intervals a virgin was sacrificed to the river Nile, but was later replaced by a mummy's finger.

In ancient Scotland the same barbarous custom existed which cost Jonah so much inconvenience. When a ship became unmanageable it was usual to cast lots for discovering who was responsible for the trouble. The man upon whom the lot fell was condemned. Instead of human beings dogs used sometimes to be thrown into the sea with their legs bound. In Germany cakes were offered to the spirit dwellers of the lakes. In winter the ice was cut through, when, according to traditional belief, a hand would reach out and seize the cake. Lamps filled with cocoanut oil were formerly set afloat on the Ganges as an offering for those at sea. If they sank immediately it was ominous, but it was a good sign if they floated until out of sight.

In many East India islands it used to be customary to set adrift small vessels laden with food, as an offering to the spirits of disease, to entice them to sea. The Siamese still float down the rivers little bamboo rafts, bearing images, offerings and lighted tapers. Chinese boatmen, in dead calm, set paper boats afloat in order to secure a breeze. The use of oil to calm waves is mentioned by Plutarch, and it is possible that a recognition of its real efficacy often led to its use as an offering. Frequently the offering of gratitude for preservation from the sea took the form of a model of the ship in which the danger was incurred. Such a votive vessel was found in the coffin of an Egyptian Queen, and is preserved in the museum at Boulak, near Cairo. It is of solid gold, mounted on wheels of bronze. There are twelve silver rowers and a captain and helmsman in solid gold.

A story is told of a Frenchman on shipboard in a storm, who bellowed out promises of a wax image of St. Christopher as large as that gentleman's statue at Paris on condition that he should be preserved from death. A fellow-passenger nudged him and suggested that he could not pay for such an image, even if he sold all his possessions. But the other replied in a whisper: "Be still, you fool! Do you fancy I am speaking in earnest? If I once touch the shore I shall not give him a tallow candle."

Equally absurd is the account given of a certain man who, greatly terrified by rough weather on the ocean, vowed he would eat no more ham. Just as the danger was over he qualified his promise by adding, "without mustard, O Lord!"

Appreciation.

He was a man of age and wisdom. She was a woman of youth and beauty. Beguiled by her sympathetic glance the savant told her of his long life of study, his patient search for truth, his failures and successes. He had braved and enjoyed both in about all the words ending in "ology." But age brought him not satiety of knowledge. Still he toiled along the same rugged pathway that led to scientific enlightenment—constantly he explored new avenues of learning. She listened with such rapt and grateful interest that the man of science felt he had found a rarely sympathetic soul. "Yes," she said musingly, "it must be very nice where one has a knack for that sort of thing."—Puck.